## EMPEROR AND WILLIAM THE WILLIAM THE

## Two Diverse Personalities of the Kaiser Described in an Intimate Pen Portrait Described in this does Intrigue and scandal; on the Street of Victory, Will Described in this does Intrigue and scandal; on the Contrary, there is no court in the Street of Victory, Will Not be entirely funereal. Yet all this does not prevent intrigue and scandal; on the Contrary, there is no court in the Street of Victory, Will Not be entirely funereal. Yet all this does not prevent intrigue and scandal; on the Contrary, there is no court in the Street of Victory, Will Not be entirely funereal. Yet all this does not prevent intrigue and scandal; on the Contrary, there is no court in the Street of Victory, Will Not be entirely funereal. Yet all this does not prevent intrigue and scandal; on the Contr Drawn by Octave Mirbeau

With the German Emperor looming larger than any other man in the eyes of the world at the moment. Octave Mirbeau's pen portrait of him becomes of unusual interest. It was published in the "American Magazine" two years ago and is here reproduced in full by permission of the editor of the

B. OCTAVE MIRBEAU. translated and arranged by Ada and Julian Street.

not really feel the faof a ten hours run in a car until one's feet sink to cream and red roses Then things begin blinding sort of way, and

my condition when, coming rider of a German hotel, I d my friend Von B ..... whom I have often met try, but more frequently

aid Ven B---, "Let's

tes after our meeting better companion than

Not only is he parinformed on German s able to discuss them French. After lecturing in a famous university, red to practise it. He is wd, diplomatic, brilliant and rests me particularly-he to the German Emperor. I w whether it is his birth or which has given him thi hough I think I have heard was William's fellow stu-University of Bonn.

I asked him to talk about the drew from a pail of ice a Moselle, in its dusty dress, and glasses with the sparkling uth like the sea upon pebbles. he repeated, after a

silence. "I feel rather emabout discussing him with I you see, one may think one anderstands a man, but one never knows him completely—especially a e always runs the risk of being unt, and—oh, well—the devil!" He sloped his wine and presently be-

In order to understand our Emperor must remember that he dates from time of what we Germans call the that is, the period of the iders, the conquerors-excuse me-Franco-Prussian war. But dates from the Gruenderzeit

men left for the frontier poor they returned rich Germans. period of multi-millionaires dates 71: the very term itself first came language then. Germany be-

We built forts and cannon; ps and cannon; roads, canals n: barracks, factories, palaces

capital for the empire we om end to end; and we have allding ever since. The taste al statues, giant universities stations, cathedralos. Valhalla cafes—all this monumentalism-dates from enderzeit. If the Gruenderzelt irs, little by little, from the men, it still lives in the souls and in the soul of William IL. s absolutely from these years mania, inflation, uproar and

very young in '70, but one the ideas that were put in d before the age of 20, unless n one's self the material for ding of those ideas.

m L. the "unforgettable grandn. He was by taste a simple squire; by force of circumconqueror. In Bismarck d Roon he had ambitious serpressed him on. Did you crossed the Rhine nd that it seemed to him an they even got out of him the order to fire the first Poor old William of multi-millionaires! not change him. There thers like him in a good grandfathers who, havortunes in spite of themdrink the same beer that they re their debut.

never spoke of his father's and the brawlers of '71 were pleased with his reticence present William, he gives hi or, pushing him outside as an undutiful son sends his to her bedroom because he usider her dressed well enough He reproaches his mother English blood and his father mprudence, besides which he them jointly with the rickets n which makes his pride

ing to be indiscreet enough to ttle anecdote about William, ld to me one night at Fried by the late Bismarck, who had nking. That is to say that it lieved, for there was never any brutally sincere than he was

influence of wine. had the old Chancellor told me which I am going to relate emed to read in his stern face would have given anything to unsaid. But he was not the openly regret an act-even a and he was too much as of useless words to ask, after Nevertheless, each time I have to tell it I have seemed to see kept silence.

with, you probably already

ness at San Remo while the old grandfather was slowly petrifying on the throne. You have heard too of his parricidal fever during the hundred days reign of his poor cancerous father Frederick. Ah, William had escaped his parents long before that time. Bismarck had got him away from them; an easy game for the old diplomat in whom ferocious energy and supreme cunning were blended.

Bismarck never cared for the Emperor Frederick, who he thought wished to change the order of things, and as for the Empress he abominated her because of her English ideas and referred to her as "the stranger." He devoted himself to filling William with the appetite for power, taught him to criticise every written and spoken word of his father and to believe that the influence of his English mother was anti-national and therefore dangerous. But Bismarck, shrewd as he was, could not foresee how far the young man's love of power would lead him.

The relations between the Empress Frederick and her son became at last so bitter that William placed spies about ner-even in the bedroom of his invalided father.

Through one of these spies William learned of the existence of a journal which his father had kept for some years. Frederick had a taste for writing, and the fact that there was cold-ness between him and his son led William to fear that this secret journa might contain some criticism of his conluct. The fear of it haunted him and he bent all his thoughts to obtaining possession of it.

The Empress, however, was clever enough to conceal the diary before her husband's death. Eluding the surveillance of her son, she sent the papers to her mother, Queen Victoria, or to her brother, then Prince of Wales-1 don't

Hardly had his father drawn his last creath when William, over the dead body, performed his first official act. It was to demand of his widowed nother the journal, which he termed a

'memorial.' The Empress feigned ignorance. William insisted. He spoke as master. giving his mother the order to obey. She persisted in declaring that she knew nothing of the paper. Her son menaced her brutally with his wrath. To his dry eyes her tears were only stratagem. The more she resisted the more determined he became. It seemed to him that the importance of the papers might be measured by the stubbornness of her opposition, besides which he raged that in the first hour of the reign he had so feverishly awaited some one lared thwart him.

Was not his mother merely a princess of the house of which he was the head? Was she not merely lady Colonel of one of his regiments? Was she not his subject? Anger drove him stark mad. "Well," he commanded, purple with

wrath, "you will remain under close arlonger date from it: that is, not rest until you have obeyed me." Bismarck, arriving at Potsdam two nours after this, found the palace sur-

rounded by squadrons of armed cavalry. The Emperor, whom he found still excited, told the old Chancellor how he had met the disobedience of his mother.

"And she need not expect pity or consideration until she has obeyed me!" he declared. "You understand that, Mr. Chancellor? Until she has obeyed me!"

The pupil had gone much too far. Bissaw at once that the buffoonery continued might mar the whole of William's reign. Later in life, he said, he used to wonder how he kept from laughing in his sovereign's face.

What he did was to receive William's news with deferential silence, and later, when the Emperor was calmer, show him that his course was sure to meet with general disapproval. There was a way, he thought, of proceeding much more rigorously and at the same time efficaciously. Why not rather cut down the income of the Empress? Suspend her appanages?

"I know her Majesty," said the good Bismarck, "She has pride, Forced arrest she can brave out, accepting it as a sort of martyrdom; but the money. the money!--who can resist money?

Further he laid tactful stress upon the probable representations of Eng-"Is it really the moment, Sire? land. The Kaiser, becoming appeased, listened to Bismarck's counsel. arrest of the Empress was removed. The officers led their cavalry back to quarters, and William turned his attention to the details of his father's obsequies, which he wished to be most fastidious!

The struggle between the Dowager Empress and her son lasted for several months; six at least. Finally the Emperor obtained the manuscript and

the Empress her money. Was it not a worthy debut, I ask you, for an Emperor, who, despairing of ever attaining the glory of having made a Bismarck, discerned that the glory of daring to dismiss him was the only thing that could be thrown into they be balance?

What did he risk, after all? Ger-

many was already made! first new fashioned Emperor of Germany; an Emperor of brilliancy and noise. He squares himself majestically upon the imperial throne and world. Mind you, I don't insist upon a "What's the master of those around her. To me she is the most boresome person in the world. Mind you, I don't insist upon a "What's the matter of the most boresome person in the world. Mind you, I don't insist upon a "What's the matter of the most boresome person in the world. Mind you, I don't insist upon a "What's the matter of the most boresome person in the world. caracoles spectacularly upon the field of manœuvres.

His character is paradoxical. Sometimes I think of him as a good German He has some true friends, some of them obscure people, absolutely disinterested. To hear him talk inti mately, without arrogance or pomp, hi body slouching in a low armchair and his legs crossed high, smoking his pipe and laughing boisterously, one hardly realize that he is actually the formidable autocrat who terrorizes not only his own country but the whole world with the tumult of his person-

The intimate William, son of an English woman, has in him a good deal of the young English patrician. Though graduated from Bonn instead of Oxford, his error, that I keep the story Nevertheless, each time I have done his best to approximate the English sporting gentleman. But his or tell it I have seemed to see eyes in their wrinkled pockets only to Anglomania. His uncle, King causes nude pictures and statues to be seen with an and the Gruentaway of the Course the White derzeit we have developed a national art which makes us a universal laughteness visits a museum she ing stock. It is the style of William II. Edward, laughs at his pretensions, and draped in advance of her arrival. the deals with William's first act the nephew rages. Of course it is quite out of the question for him to manage ature and art, you may imagine whether other absurdities, the gigantic statue any sport there You B--- spoke in a the court is amusing. The fetes and of Bismarck, in porphyry, which is

remains that, to all practical purposes, dals,

he is one armed.
William's cultivation is extensive but ague. The only thing he knows in a precise and detailed fashion is geography-for geography is commerce.

It was a joy to argue with him in the old days on literature, philosophy, morals—anything at all. He did not by any means impose his ideas upon us, but accepted differences of opinion sensibly. I may add that his ideas are usually commonplace. He would joke even in the midst of the most lively controversies, and to his credit be it said that when beaten in an argument he never hurled his imperial crown at his adversary's head in order to come out ahead. Perhaps he revenged himself on his generals and his ministers.

In the last few years he has changed a good deal. His trembling fits exasperate him, and he grimaces unti-one might almost call it facial ague He has formed a habit of snapping his fingers and making convulsive move ments with his hand when speaking His laugh, formerly so buoyant, has acquired a false tone. Likewise he shows ess tolerance, less kindness toward his friends. In short, the Emperor is outrunning the man. It spells the end of our friendship.

They said of him at first that—the

opposite of Fenelon—he had "a hand of velvet in a glove of steel." Lately it gles for effect. has too often happened that the hand has hardened, while the

To animate a court like ours there bravery which you French call allure. purse the horror could no longer be Allure! pectedly! It is something incompati-ble with arrogance, somthing which accommodates itself to perfect simplic- designs with his own hand. ity. The least affectation destroys it.

There must be grandeur with character, a certain energy and the gift are the object of a veritable worship in for always finding happy attitudes without inventing them. Education may be made to serve instead of allure, but it dangerous-like Socialists-but that he cannot entirely replace it. Our sweet old Augusta had it when on that July afternoon in '70, conducting William ings ugly. He likes to see lawns and I, to the station, whence he departed parks decorated with groups of swords, for the frontier, she wept broken-hearted on the cushions of her gilded nets and cannon. coach, while the crowds acclaimed her.

The Danish princesses who were and Amelienburg also have allureboth Dagmar, whom a hard fate made of an imbecile, and her sister. Alexandra, impeccably elegant, sweeter and uation as the consort of a high liver in Berlin a monument which had not has often been difficult. Both have a originated with him. truly imperial grace which never strug-

Last year the Empress spent some

bad statues in our most lovely park. The appropriations that the Emperor asked should be at the head of it a woman possessing that mixture of grace and fered to pay for all from his private How many princes lack it avoided. William is not so very rich and how many workmen show it unex- personally, either, but the execution of

Another peculiarity of William's is his dislike for flowers. Though they them. It is not that he thinks them thinks them ugly; just as he thinks Rodin's sculpture and Renoir's paintbaskets of shells, plat bands of bayo-

Do you know the large fountain which stands in the Schlossplatz? It was bebrought up so simply at Copenhagen queathed to the city of Berlin by a very rich gentleman. The Mayor, in accordance with the usual ceremonial custom, the wife of a blockhead and the mother invited the Emperor to take part in the dedication exercises. The Emperor was absolutely outraged. He could hardly more refined than Dagmar, whose sit-

He exhausted all the administrative and legal tricks that he could think of Mother the Day of His Accession

in Germany. I sometimes think we | plans of statues, pictures, operas and sons covered the nakedness of their Switzerland. father.

Some people believe that William's startling performances are theatric effects, coldly planned by him in order to strike the imagination of his subjects. This is not the case. Of course I don't pretend that he does not intentionally abuse his power; in this his like all other men; but, I assure you abuse his power; in this he he is much less of an actor than is thought. He simply obeys the impulse of the moment because he is incapable of resisting it. Some of his impulses are generous; some are not. He often ends by bitterly repenting his acts.

Like all neurasthenics, the Emperor shows-even in his most unbalanced whom I consider detestable. William deeds-a sort of topsyturyy 1 gic. gets people's minds off one thing by doing another. Thus if they blame him friends. I am only afraid that William for an artistic decision he musters a the Emperor, who is such a very differreview; if they cry out over something ent person, will end by allenating my else he paints a picture; if they hiss affections from William the man. He pilgrimage to the Holy Land or de-mands that they discover a cure for

The fact is that the Emperor is no to prevent the acceptance of the legacy, nearly so popular as he was. We don't has hardened, while the glove is her professional conqueror of a hus-hanged even oftener than the uniform. Weeks at the castle of K—, To please and failing to arrest the project sent trust him and believe in him as we hanged even oftener than the uniform. us, besides plaguing all the rest of the world like a nightmare.

We Germans are a quiet, prosperous people, and in order to continue so we wish to be let alone. Nevertheless we live in constant fear of imbecile complications which may be stirred up at any moment by this blunderer, who is far from being the master of his slaves

The newer generation of Germans reproach the Emperor with being a showy false label badly stuck on the good old German bottle. He does not truly rep- in hidden treasure up that way. resent the spirit of the people. But in spite of our real feelings we have to pretend, more or less, to be as our sovereign represents us. Take the case of France, for instance. We Germans don't hate France at all; quite the rethe papers that are animated by the spirit of William we are forever represented as being ready to fly at her throat.

iam with being serious in this seeming hostility toward France. His friendship for her is stronger than he is. If in cruising he meets a French yacht he He would love nothing better than to dine at the Elysee Palace, and for the matter of that the French would love it too, for they are still poisoned with quicksand yet. There are holes twenty their old monarchic blood.

I must do William the justice to say that he understands, like every one else, that industry and commerce are the vital organs and the vascular system of a country. But the Emperor, in his feverish, incoherent activity, has made the country giddy by driving it madly on toward all sorts of economic conquests.

In order to make her first in everything he has forced her to produce. produce, produce. The products are Here is an example:

Jealous of the worldwide success of the Bordeaux, Burgundy and Cham-pagne wines of France, William has but the opinion of Absalom Van Riper pushed our landed proprietors and peasants furiously to cultivate the vine. he had every confidence it would be He has protected the German wine in dustry in all ways and in all countries. and has even gone so far as to make himself wine agent, advertising agent and restaurateur.

In the famous German restaurant of the Paris Exposition, it was the Emperor himself, figuratively, who came in uniform, with apron and napkin of findin', said Absalom. Claudius added, to offer the wine card to his Smith's booty—he was a Tory robber patrons. There is wine enough alon the Moselle River to intoxicate not only the whole of Germany, but all the world the whole of Germany, but all the world besides, but it is sold under cost. It an' valuables to beat all calc'latin'. His fills the encumbered storehouses, driv ing the owners to distraction and the peasants to lamentation.

To improve the situation the Emperor has adopted tyrannic measures He has restricted the sale of beer in certain restaurants, and has prohibited French wines in the officers' mess. But it doesn't make any difference. conomic situation translates itself very simply in the one word-overproduc-

In vain William crosses the seas in nis cuirass; in vain he tells extraordisary stories and makes theatrical demontrations in order to drum up trade, The overproduction augments, and we shall before long be reduced to th dolorous alternative of either greatly restricting production, which ruin, or of greatly continuing it, which spells ruin also.

You must further remember that our banks are up to the neck in these affairs and that we are not like the French, a aving people. We like to enjoy life and spend what we earn; consequently ve could not pay off with sacks of sav ings the heaviness of a financial crisis The one hope would be that France renerous France, might come to our rescue as she has been doing in these past years, and reestablish for a tim he disturbed equilibrium of our

inances. plans wars, but in spite of his uniforms and his fanfares this is not so. He is not a warrior, but a military man, which s very different. He is not even brave. ces are only commercial tricks intended to frighten Burope and by so doing strengthen our great manufacturers who live by armament. The industry is colossal; unclouded peace would defather's great-uncle was. Took every-

stroy it. making war is the fear he has of the re-sult. Every one admits that our army is the strongest in the world. It is heaven. He took it all in, jest the way drilled and kept up to the mark; our it read, an' do you think my father's arsenals are full, our armament com- great-uncle would give up his hope of now them down. I have had enough plate, our fortresses perfect. But, sad o heaven even fer all o' Claudius Smith's say, we have no more real officers. The stolen treasure? If you do, you don't With this he turned his back on the countries of the control of the countries of the countr

have a national modesty which causes everything else, all his own—his own. us to cover with our mantle the ridiculous doings of the Emperor, as Noah's beaten by Switzerland, or less than

At the manœuvres, where everything is carefully arranged in advance to make a perfect mich en scene with the Emperor a majestic figure in the centre, well, the Generals have the greatest difficulty to keep from running William down. They sweat blood to keep from surrounding him, even on absolutely flat . ground. I have assisted at some of the manœuvres, and I can assure you it is nothing but buffoonery.

Thus it comes about that there are combined in William II, two separate men seemingly incompatible. One is the charming personal man, whom I have loved; the other is the Emperor. the man is fascinating; he is agreeable, gay, simple, generous and loyal to his annoys me more and more, and in the last few years I have seen him as seldom as possible.

## Hidden Treasure

buckboard wagon hitched to a bobtail gray horse that gave out positive symptoms of a bad se of heaves on a recent trip over the Jersey line up into the Orange county dairy country said his name was Ab colom Van Riper, and it might have been," said John Gilbert, the travelling groceryman. "He had the mildest of mild blue eyes and the fiercest red mustache I ever saw. From what he old me on the way there ought to be

"One bit of information related to a chest of gold that lay buried in the quicksand in a certain island therebout. The amount in the chest was \$100,000 and it was buried there by a party of Tories who stole it in Philadel phia during the Revolutionary war and were so closely pressed by pursuing American soldlers that they had to gerid of it. As they never came back I do not for one moment charge Will- after it something must have happened

"A Tory named De Witt knew just the spot where the treasure was buried and he was on the point of going to get it some time after the war, but before he started something happened to him that prevented his errand. He did. So the \$100,000 in gold is lying in the feet deep all over the island where folk have dug for the treasure, but nobody has struck the right spot yet, so Absalom informed me.

"Another hidden pot of money, bigger cet than the one in the quicksand near he Jersey line, Absalom Van Riper gave me a tip on. This amounted to nore than \$500,000, and was in a cave up in the Shawangunk Mountains, the whereabouts of which had been lost brough the failure of the person who piled up in the shops, on the docks and had the treasure in custody, an old in the granaries. Sales are slow and Spanish pirate, to come on one occasion had the treasure in custody, an old an enormous stock is left on hand, to the town near by, as was his custom,

to get rum. "Why the old pirate didn't come to was that when that cave was found, as some day, the skeleton of the old piratwould be found lying in the midst of the treasure alongside of an empty it tle of rum.

"'But that ain't all vit that these here rocky an' rugged hills you so 'round here hold in the way o' treasure that folks don't seem to get the knack Smith's booty-he was a Tory robber that scoured this country with his bloody gang durin' the Revolution an' booty is scattered around in the Sugar Loaf Mountain and Goose Pond Mountain an' the Skunnemunk Mountains, over yonder, enough to start a dozen good sized banks.

"'Claudius Smith was ketched at the height o' his robbin', an' they hung him, up yonder at Goshen. Right on the gailus he swore like a trooper at the Whigs, an' bragged of knowin' where there was \$75,000 all in one heap that had belonged to some of 'em, an' that it wasn't more'n ten mile from Goshen at that.

"'There's them around here that's as sure as they live that this \$75,000 is in Claudius Smith's cave on Goose Pond Mountain, but they can't find the cave. My father's great-uncle knowed one of Claudius Smith's gang, an' he went on a ittle j'ant with him wunst up into the Skunnemunk Mountains.

"'He showed him a dozen places where money was hid in the rocks, an' my father's great-uncle knowed that the gang never had time to git any of it an' ake it away when they had to skill Canada or be took an' hung. But he said he could go straight to them openn's in the rocks where the stuff was hid, any time he wanted to."

'And did he ever go?" I asked Absalom, as he paused to snap a fly off his horse's flank

"'No.' said he. 'He never did.' "'Why not?' I asked. 'Why didn't your father's great-uncle get in on that treasure? Seems to me it's funny he didn't go and rake in that wealth him-

" 'Well, the fact is,' said Absalom, 'he troy it.

Another thing which keeps him from Bible said that it was easier for a

"As for this fountain," he said, adderesing the dignitaries on the platform with a shrut of his shoulders, "it is simply ridiculous—absurd!" So sayling, he went as he had come, like a tempest, leaving the crowd stupefied.

In case of war William would have no one to command his armies. Doubtless which the old Spanish pirate was won! he would try to do it himself, for he has to come in from his cave in the moun-



## Three generations of Imperial Germany-The Kaiser with the Crown Prince and his son.

three principal causes: His mischiefmaking statecraft.

Empress.

ease or comfort at court, and woman's being beautiful; I only ask hat she be gracious. More than to his you deny that she's a good Empress?" religious education, more than to what he considers political necessities, Will-but Empress"—she began to iam II. owes to his wife that sort of ab- again-"Empress she is not."

ieces which are it in the dramas of Schiller and in deners worked with excellent effect

streets bordered by houses that lok With such conceptions of life, liter- like colossal pipe organs, and, among If the feverish anxiety he showed lower tone) on account of his deformed receptions at the palace are so loaded uglier than one could believe men could s son of the heir apparent he arm. Though he has a thousand inge- with heavy pomp and icy etiquette as make anything. Then there is the fair was not broadly circulated, even war plans of his own, just as he has tains to buy.

of the country squires, middle class blow at his authority; almost, indeed, people, peasants, workmen and paupers, a crime of lese majeste. His slockly condition, which preoc-spies him more than is believed. She made visits, received them and I saw a good deal of him at this spoke as pleasantly as she could with time and tried to reason with him. The slow, tenacious influence of the the women, children and girls she met but he flew into a rage and imposed Impress.

The Empress influences him in spite uged the sick with presents and deli"This fountain

of himself. She fights doggedly against cacles. And all with what result? stands out grimly for the stiff old feudal efforts. At the end of her stay I hap-spirit. She is the personification of pened to question an old woman who my words, a Socialist plot!" And so it comes about that the with aggressively virtuous persons, is "Well, you have seen your Empress" Gruenderzeit has, in William II., the sad, rather dull, determined and sec- and she has spoken to you; I suppose Everybody is a Socialist nowadays:

> "She's a good Empress, isn't she?" The old woman looked up quizzically. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Good? Oh, yes, of course she's good

ourses a note so comical and false.

The Empress's regard for the "pro- has been convulsed with laughter over has led her to assume the it. The average German is lacking in ureaucratic mission of censoring the taste; Berlin is a city without tradition presented at the in art. However, it had until recent Schauspielhaus of Berlin, and I can years the merit of being a nice large assure you that she fills the place con-scientiously. She crosses out without it had was good, for Frederick the Great mercy the word "love" in all manu-scripts. It is a word which she regards Paris and built several fine palaces, ists stir I will not hesitate to mow as highly improper. She only tolerates around which clever landscape gar-French works played at the National But alas! Berlin did not stop there Theatre by Coquelin. Of course the What between William and the Gruen But alas! Berlin did not stop there.

I attribute these alterations in him band she determined to make conquest! He felt that this fountain was a direct I saw a good deal of him at this

> "This fountain drives me mad!" h cried in French. (He always drops int They were only half pleas d with her French when he wishes to use violent

> > I tried to calm him. "By heaven, you are a Socialist tohe shouted. "But they had better take

Imagine the surprise of the crowd and of the officials when on the "Can of the unveiling they saw the Emperor appear. His face was sombre and areatening and his mustaches were more warlike than ever. Hurling him elf upon the platform, he interrupted he good man who happened to be ex patiating upon the virtues of the dono "An evil spirit is hovering over the

city!" cried William. lifting its head. I will not tolerate it wish every one to know that I have riven orders for an immense barrack o be built right in the heart of Berlin It will be filled with my loyal troop hem down. Let them look out! I wil

Strange to say the story of this af-